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DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

NUMBER 50.

POETRY.

The Four Sisters.

Once there were four little sisters,
Each one of them fair to behold;
But, sad to relate, they wouldn't agree,
Nor peacefully dwell in one fold.

They quarreled and stormed, and disputed;
They snarled at each other and hooted!

They were cast in such different mold!

The first one that came was the sweetest,
Though when she was young she was Wild;
But as she grew older none wished her.

A temper more gentle and mild.

With birds, and with music and flowers,
With sunshine and sweet falling showers;
She danced, and she caroled and smiled.

The second more passionate, was

More wilful and wayward and gay;

She gathered the roses and flung them aside;

When next she was sent out to play.

But the winds that blew hither and thither
From their far northern home, would just

wilder.

This tropical child in a day!

The third one was richest of all.

She was grand, she was stately and fair,

The glory of asters, so purple and fine,

Lit up the rich depths of her hair.

While others had planted and watered and

waited

(To whom this fair damsel was nearly related)

She gathered the fruits of their care.

Then came the fourth, with a roar and a rush—

The little boy says she is best—

But of what can it be, of what can it be?

This dashing young miss is in quest?

Must be the route to the old Arctic Ocean,

To which she has taken so violent a notion.

She enters the field with such zest.

There they are all, so perfect, apart,
Uprising, beloved, from Nature's great heart,

Now who are the sisters—can any one say?

For ages they've lived and they're living to-
day!

STORE TELLER.

THE WIDOW'S LIFE OF FAITH.

A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING.

The Widow Bardy lived on a side
street in the small town of Brookville. She was a little, wizened old body, but her generous, loving nature was by no means represented in her wrinkled and withered exterior any more than a diamond ring could be represented by its dusty and faded leather case. Her pleasant sunny temper was more like God's sunshine than anything else, for it had brightened the very clouds of her life until now, at the approach of sunset, her sky was rich with the crimson and gold of love and peace.

Not much, indeed, was there in this poor woman's lot in life to give her such contentment, for she had had poverty and weakness to combat with through long years, but these giants which have quenched hope in many a heart failed to intimidate her. God had crowned her victory over these and many other troubles through fulfillment of the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The Widow Bardy earned a scanty living by drafts upon the plans and resources and employments to which poor widows have always had recourse; she did a day's work now and again when she could get it to do; she nursed sick people, such as could not afford to pay for more experienced nurses; and she had a basket of tapes, buttons, pins, etc., with which she went from house to house in Brookville and honestly tried to give her customers full value for their money.

The widow was obliged to work hard, for she had a family to support. They were not of her own kindred, for there were none living to whom she was united by the ties of blood. But it was quite impossible for her to close the door of her heart; neither the ivy vine and weeds of selfishness, nor the rust of slothfulness twined about its hinges; it stood wide open, so that through it had crept into her home as motley a family as ever dwelt harmoniously under one roof. There was Granny Jenkins, helpless and blind. Her townsmen had consigned her to the almshouse, or would have done so had not the Widow Bardy offered her shelter, remembering the golden rule, and knowing there was little comfort under the government of foreign officials in the county poor-house.

There were also the twins, Tilly and Milly, as they were called, Matilda and Pamela, as they had been christened. Their mother would have died friendless and alone, had not Widow Bardy stood at her bedside and lightened her last hours by promising to provide for the two crying children who, at her death, would become orphans. And, as if the care of the aged and of children did not give work enough for the declining strength of the poor widow, there came to her door one day a poor imbecile, familiarly known in the town as "Simple Pete," he came and refused to go away. With certain foxy cunning which sometimes takes the place vacated by the higher faculties, he seemed to recognize the weak spot in the widow's heart, and to know that although every

one else might drive him away, she would not, and he was right. She remembered how his poor mother had wrestled with sickness and poverty to keep a home for her half-witted boy, and now the boy had none to care for him, it seemed natural that he should come to her. "If he has a mind to stay, poor creature," she said, "it is not in me to set him adrift."

She excused herself—somehow people do have to offer some excuse when they go out of the narrow path in which their neighbors walk—she excused herself to the wondering and fault-finding with the plea that she needed some one to bring in wood and water. But she failed to make her excuse valid, for she never obliged Pete to go out in cold or wet weather, but did the work herself, which he professed to do in order to earn his portion of daily bread.

How the widow managed to support this family no one could tell. It was with her a daily life of prayer and work. She lived Muller's life of faith, although she did not call it such. Why should she? Muller's! Nay, it was the Christ-life she had. Her faith and love blossomed out in good deeds. In one period of the world's history she might have been burned as a witch for she managed to live and support her burdensome family no body knew how; or in some other period she might have been canonized as a saint, for her bread was supplied as by a constant miracle. The daily self-denial by which she eked out the scanty loaf was only known to God, and in that sense she fed her poor dependents with the bread of heaven.

There is, however, a generous response in the hearts of good people at the sight of unselfish benevolence, and many a basket of nice food, and many a warm garment found its way to the widow's house, although she never asked for help. "These things came," she said, "in direct answer to prayer."

How far you agree with her depends upon your opinions as to this "life of faith" just now so much talked about.

We now come to an incident in the widow's history which brought her, for the time, more prominently into public notice, and threw a little of the light of romance over her every day life. It seemed to change the aspect of her homely charity, just as at times the dew and sun combine to deck with glittering gems the common grass in our door-yards.

The same Providence which rules even the fall of the sparrow, ordained that an accident which occurred in the town of Brookville should happen directly in front of Widow Bardy's house, and her good deeds so long done in secret were, through it, rewarded openly.

Josiah Ferguson, a rich old bachelor, and one of the prominent men in the town, had purchased a new horse, and with undue confidence in the knowledge of horses, he trusted to his own management of the spirited animal. His confidence was misplaced, as he found to his sorrow when, an hour after, he lay seriously injured before the door of Widow Bardy. She ran out to his assistance. Tilly and Milly were sent for the doctor, and simple Pete for his neighbors.

Josiah was carried into the widow's humble home and laid on a bed from which he never arose.

The Lord had a lesson both for Josiah Ferguson and Widow Bardy; to the one He taught the lesson through two weeks of great suffering; to the other through two weeks of constant care and wakefulness. What Josiah learned was the value of a God-fearing heart, unselfish love and the love of God.

The widow was greatly grieved for Josiah, and the sympathy of the townsmen was one which few of us need; because to souls less generous than she, it comes naturally. She, dear soul, learned that there is a limit to human endurance, that she was too weak and worn out to work much longer.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The Anniversary of the Birth of Dr. H. P. Peet.

The New York Institution very
properly celebrate the anniversary of
the birth of Dr. H. P. Peet, its founder.
His life work had probably more effect
for good upon the profession of deaf-
mutes teaching than will ever be ade-
quately understood. It is easy to im-
agine the New York Institution of his
time falling into other hands, and
growing only as others grow, a fol-
lower and imitator always, a leader
and pattern never. Those who delve
deep into the history of the profes-
sion, will find in the archives of his
time models for almost every work of
the present day. We may improve
upon some doubtless, but we should
never slight the Creator.

Those in charge of institutions for
the deaf or familiar with their work-
ings, can best estimate the Herculean
labors which Dr. Peet imposed upon
himself. We give a synopsis: He was
secretary of the Board of Directors
for fourteen years, and afterwards for
many years its President; he gave per-
sonal attention to inculcating and en-
forcing habits of order and neatness
among the pupils; he conducted in
the early years, without assistance,
and always continued to do in his
turn, the daily religious exercises of
the school; on Sundays he delivered
two religious lectures in signs; he at-
tended to the school-room arrange-
ments of the classes and prepared les-
sons for the younger pupils; he kept
the accounts and conducted the cor-
respondence of the institution; he
planned numerous improvements in
all departments of the establishment,
and superintended their execution;
and in addition to all this work, he
taught with his accustomed eminent
ability, a class during the regular
school hours. Then he had all the
grand line of instructors, for which
his institution has always been noted,
to originate and train.

The anniversary of his natal day
naturally brings all these things up
in review, and the young man about
to graduate from the school this great
man reared, may well ponder upon
these bits of personal history, and
consider whether equal effort on his
part, directed in other ways, will not
insure results as solid, if not as grand.

Why They Cannot Walk Straight.

We notice that there is no abatement
in the deaf-mute dodge.

The other day, in the city of Utica,
which, by the way, has more than its
share of recent thefts, a young man
was caught in the hall of an elegant
residence by one of the servants. With
hardened presence of mind he pulled
out slate and pencil, wrote that he
was deaf and dumb and wanted to see
the man of the house, expecting, evi-
dently, to walk away with a nice over-
coat and umbrella as soon as the ser-
vant's back was turned. But fortunately
for the family, the servant, a masculine
sort of person, pointed to the door
and said "git," under the quick-
ening influence of which elegant ex-
pression the thief took his departure.

We occasionally hear of the profes-
sional beggar, who commits the blun-
der supposed to happen to even the
best regulated mendicant, and goes to
his corner with his "I am deaf and
dumb" placard conspicuously arrang-
ed, keeps his eyes shut when any one
is near, and regularly shouts his "God
bless you," when any nickels fall his
way, till some discerning individual
gets him into a chat and all of a sud-
den wants to know what he means by
dubbing himself deaf and dumb. Per-
sons taken by surprise usually do
something ridiculous, and our impu-
dent beggar opens his eyes, looks at
his placard and says he must have
hung out the wrong sign!

CONTEMPTIBLE BUSINESS.

The Texas Institution complains, and
with reason, that those who were offi-
cers a year ago, but have been discharg-
ed, are using their influence to keep
pupils at home away from the instruc-
tion of those who have taken their
places.

The man who does this has mistaken
his calling and is totally unfit ever
again to have charge of a class of deaf-
mutes, or of any other class. He should
be excommunicated from the profes-
sion of teaching. His conduct implies

in the first place, that nobody but
himself is capable of doing his work.
The transit from this vanity to the
conviction that nobody else has any
business in his shoes, is comparatively
easy. Then, to hold his own, he over-
throws one of the first principles of
government and inculcates on growing
youth the idea that disobedience and
insubordination to, and the picking of
masters is permissible and necessary
in order to be manly and inde-
pendent. If the after doings of these
officers throw any light on their former
conduct, it is little wonder that the
Texas Institution has been in a con-
tinual ferment.

With the quibbles of officers as such,
we have nothing to do. They are old
enough to know what they are about.
But when it comes to a question of
precept and example to the pupils, we
think it time to cry shame and to de-
nounce the proceeding as contemptible.

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The Anniversary of the Birth of Dr. H. P. Peet.

Why not? Love fulfills the law,
and love is never indifferent—never
idle. It would seem that we who suf-
fer alike should feel for each other
and seize upon every opportunity to
give the aid we are all, at times, so
glad to receive. For example: an in-
stitution for the deaf and dumb is es-
tablished in a city in whose vicinity
are mute farmers. In the school are
large numbers to be fed. Why should
not its supplies come directly from
from these farmers, if they will sell as
cheaply as others? It would seem that
by dispensing with the middle-
men the institution could save money
and the mute husbandman receive
the full market price for his produce.
A general attendance of deaf-mutes
and their friends is requested.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Principal, teach-
ers and pupils of the New York Insti-
tution for the Instruction of the Deaf
and Dumb, held in the chapel of the
institution, December 1st, 1879, the
following preamble and resolutions of-
fered by Mr. F. D. Clarke, and seconded
by Mr. R. B. Lloyd, were unanimously
adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed best to an
All-wise Providence to remove to a better
and brighter world, our friend and
co-laborer, Professor Jacob Van
Nostrand, for forty-one years a teacher
of the deaf and dumb, twenty-two of
which were spent in the service of this
institution, and a man of note in his
profession, whose place it will be difficult,
if not impossible, to fill, therefore

Resolved, That in his death, the
cause of deaf-mute instruction has met
with a loss that will be long and sorely
felt. His bright intelligence and
steadfast zeal, his dignified urbanity
of manner and felicity of diction, his
scrupulous fidelity, inexhaustible in-
genuity and Christian patience formed
a teacher whose equal will not soon
be found.

Resolved, That we have lost in him
an adviser ever ready to draw from a
vast fund of practical experience for
those who sought his counsel; a beloved
friend and brother; a bright example
of Christian simplicity and un-
selfish integrity.

Resolved, That we tender to his be-
reaved wife and family, in their
hour of heart-breaking sorrow and bitter
affliction, when all the future
seems dreary, and dark is their path-
way through life, our heartfelt sym-
pathy, acknowledging how feeble are
words to soothe their sorrow, or to bear
from our hearts to theirs the thoughts
that rise too fast for utterance, but
still unwilling to allow a sacred duty
to pass undone.

Resolved, That a copy of these res-
olutions be sent to the family of the
deceased, and that they be presented
for publication to the American An-
nals of the Deaf and Dumb, the Deaf-
mutes' Journal and the Educator.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Chairman
WESTON JENKINS, Secretary.

THE OLD DODGE.

We notice that there is no abatement
in the deaf-mute dodge.

The other day, in the city of Utica,
which, by the way, has more than its
share of recent thefts, a young man
was caught in the hall of an elegant
residence by one of the servants. With
hardened presence of mind he pulled
out slate and pencil, wrote that he
was deaf and dumb and wanted to see
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vant's back was turned. But fortunately
for the family, the servant, a masculine
sort of person, pointed to the door
and said "git," under the quick-
ening influence of which elegant ex-
pression the thief took his departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt, of Ticonderoga
came to Troy to see their mother last
Wednesday. They say that they are
going to live in Troy because he can-
not work. The mutes of the club
were very glad to see Mr. and Mrs.
Burt so well.

It is fair and pleasant to-day, Sun-
day. Yours truly,
SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

NOTICE.

Miss Annie Bentz, of York, Pa., a
graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution
and a first class seamstress, is desirous
of obtaining work in that line
in any institution for deaf-mutes. For
her ability as a seamstress she has
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Address Miss Annie Bentz, York,
Pa., York Co., Pa.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

An Indian squaw recently visited the Tennessee
Institution.

The Kentucky Institution is preparing one of
its former pupils for college.

The boys of the Kentucky Institution are ad-
dicted to playing prisoner's base by moonlight.

A deaf-mute named James St. John was recently
run over and instantly killed near Kohomo, Ind.

The number of pupils at present at the Ken-
tucky Institution is 115,—more than last sea-
son.

The Table speaks of an Aast. Ed. Good' hear-
ers! what does the senior editor do on such a
large paper?

There was joy in the house of Mr. and Mrs.
Eldridge of Springfield, O., on Nov. 25th.—Cause

JEFF. B. BUSBY, who recently graduated from
the Kentucky Institution, has succeeded in obtain-
ing a position on the Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle.

Mr. Lawrence Jones, of Richland, expects to
pull down his old house next spring and build a
new one. Of course it will be larger and finer.
We congratulate Mr. Jones on his prosperity.

HENRY STEMLERDING, a pupil of the Ohio In-
stitution from Cincinnati, while running and
jumping about the desks in the study-room late-
ly fell and broke his left arm at the elbow.

STEPHEN P. FIELDS, a deaf-mute of this vil-
lage, has recently returned from a week's visit to
his mother who lives Fabius, N. Y. He has had
steady work at farming near this place for the
past six or eight months.

The Cincinnati Board of Education has agreed
upon a series of regulations by which the pupils
attending the deaf-mute school in that city are
boarded at the rate of \$10 per month, which is
certainly cheap.

MISS MARY McCORMICK, a deaf-mute lady of
St. Louis, has a quilt made by her own hands
containing 7,990 pieces. Who can beat that?

The work was very tedious. It took two years to
complete it. She was only 14 years of age when
she made it.

ONE BRUOS, a graduate of the New York In-
stitution, and a shoemaker by trade, was killed
by the cars near Greenville, Mich., lately. Follow-
ing the above came the news of the sudden
death, by the same cause, of David Stubble, Sr.,
near Youngstown, O.

A writer says: "I recently noticed an editorial
on the subject of agriculture for the deaf." Why
don't the principal of the New York Institution
set some of his mute teachers to farming? As
instructors they are failures, but as farm laborers
they may succeed.

A negro boy by the name of W. H. Baker has
been playing upon the charity of the Janevilles,
people by pretending to be deaf and dumb.
He was getting along pretty well with his trick
until he was arrested for stealing a pair of boots,
when suddenly his speech and hearing were re-
stored as if by magic.

The deaf-mute boys can hardly wait. Leap
year being very near, their hearts are beating ex-
citely in view of anticipated proposals. They
expect to find themselves married without any
trouble and that very soon. Don't be in a hurry,
boys, the girls haven't thought anything about
it yet.

Resolved, That we have lost in him an
adviser ever ready to draw from a vast fund of practical experience for
those who sought his counsel; a beloved friend and brother; a bright example of
Christian simplicity and unselfish integrity.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife and family, in their hour of heart-breaking sorrow and bitter
affliction, when all the future seems dreary, and dark is their pathway through life, our heartfelt sympathy.

SINCE the advent of pedestrianism into Columbus,
the boys of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institution have
somewhat caught the fever, and are doing their
share of walking. The place selected for their
contests is the play-room, which, by the
way, just meets the demands. It requires 22
rounds or laps to complete a mile, and the fast-
est time on record thus far made is ten minutes.

Resolved, That a copy of these res-
olutions be sent to the family of the
deceased, and that they be presented
for publication to the American An-
nals of the Deaf and Dumb, the Deaf-
mutes' Journal and the Educator.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Chairman.

WESTON JENKINS, Secretary.

THE TROY CLUB.

THE T

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

COLUMBUS' LETTER.

THANKSGIVING DAY EXERCISES—RESIGNATION OF A TEACHER—APPOINTMENT—PERSONAL.

Thanksgiving day at the institution was observed by a general suspension of school routine. The weather on the occasion was just warm enough to make outdoor exercises pleasant and the boys took advantage of it by going about the city sight-seeing, while the girls contented themselves with various amusements in and about the house to make time pass pleasantly. At nine o'clock A. M. the pupils assembled in the chapel and superintendent Fay delivered a short but interesting lecture suitable to the occasion, in which the manifold blessings vouchsafed to mankind during the past year were reviewed. At one o'clock a substantial dinner was served, and no doubt the appetite, sharpened by the forenoon's exercises, appealed to its entire satisfaction with turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, etc. With one exception all the pupils were present in the dining room, and to supply all with turkey it took 64 of the much-abused birds to go around.

The exercises of the day closed with an entertainment in the evening in the chapel. It has been customary for a number of years past, for Clionia, the literary society of the institution, composed of pupils of the advanced classes, to get up some kind of amusement for Thanksgiving evening and on this occasion it presented the following programme: Declamation—Eva, the son's child, J. F. Haskins; Dialogue—The Village Love and Murder.

CHARACTERS.
Ada, the Village Belle, Mary M. Pickrel; Serene, a Sailor, J. S. Leib; Master Tommy, a Mischievous Boy, J. Hahn; Old Mark, a Retired Farmer, M. Mullen; Mrs. Bags, a House-keeper, J. D. Stewart; M. Videle, an Exquisite, G. Klein; Joachim, a Police-man, J. F. Haskins.

VILLAGERS, VISITORS, ETC.

At the time the performances began the seating capacity of the chapel, including the gallery, was entirely taken up which is no unusual occurrence, as many persons from the city attend the entertainments at the institution, and on this occasion there was no exception to this rule. Mr. J. F. Haskins's rendering of the declamation Eva was performed in a manner that was duly appreciated by those present. Of the dialogue, without going into details, it will be sufficient to say, that it was acted in a manner entirely satisfactory to those who witnessed it, there was enough of the comical about it to keep all in a good and laughable mood during its performance. After its close Masters Garretson, Orr, Sawhill and Weekel treated the audience with some of their gymnastical skill in turning somersaults, and exercising upon a horizontal bar, in which they proved themselves adepts and for which they received the plaudits of those present. Several graduates, having relatives who are pupils, spent the day at the institution.

The institution during the past week has lost, by resignation, the services of a valuable and experienced teacher in the person of Miss Kate Millikan who has taught successfully since 1872. The cause which necessitated this was her failing eyesight and poor health. Miss Mary M. Pickrel who graduated from the institution last year has been appointed to the vacancy and will by practice, no doubt, discharge the duties acceptably.

The happiest deaf-mute about the State bindery last Monday morning seemed to be Mr. J. A. Lynn, the cause of whose happiness proved to be the arrival of a 10½ pound-baby, who thus supplies the missing link.

COLUMBUS.

Nov. 27th, 1879.

FROM MINNESOTA.

FRAZEE CITY, Nov. 27, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Enclosed please find \$1.50 for the JOURNAL, which I like very much.

I like this country better than any other State. People come here from Illinois and New York, and the old country in great numbers. This country has not many homesteads. I have lived on my homestead four years; in one year more I can have a deed of it. I would not sell my farm for six hundred dollars. I have raised wheat and grain and potatoes. So I have enough of them to keep my horses, cattle and poultry.

When I came here from my old home in New York State, I had to have some dollars, and bought my homestead. After that I worked six months at \$25 per month for a man, and I saved the money to build a new house, and bought one yoke oxen and hired the man to break them and to plow five acres. I made some money thereby. I have worked hard, but I can work easily.

My two brothers live two and a half miles from my home. I am living with my mother, and my little sister, in my home. My mother cooks for me.

My four-year-old cow was knocked down on the railroad by the locomotive and killed. The company were fined twenty-five dollars, and they paid it.

I want you to tell Hiram Ball to come out here. If he will come, I will send some money to help him, so he can get 160 acres of homestead. I am alone, without any deaf-mutes here.

I wrote to Cyrus Morse, but he never answered me. I want to hear about him.

Yours truly,

ZACHUS DINEHART.

THE LOVE OF DR. GALLAUDET.

The fountain of Gallaudet's love,
Exhaustless, silent, pure and deep,
Enduring as yon orbs above—
Gallaudet's love can never sleep.

Nor wayward acts of his erring friends,
Nor cold ingratitude can keep
Gallaudet's yearning bosom still—
His changeless love can never sleep.

Think not Gallaudet loveth less
Because temptation leads astay
From virtue, peace and happiness—
Think not that less his soul would pray.

When restless passions tempt away
Our friends from home, love's fountain deep,
Is troubled, till the safe return,
Gallaudet's love can never sleep.

And can Gallaudet e'er forget
Love's vigils o'er his friends to keep?
He may, "but I will not forget,"
Our God is love and does not sleep.

New York Institution News.

Only those who have a sympathy with nature and with human nature can rightly appreciate and enjoy the delectable weather we are now experiencing. However bright Old Sol may be upon us there is a perceptible touch of melancholy, and a tinge of sadness in all nature just now, peculiar to this season alone.

The silence of an autumn evening, so unlike the silence of any other time; the faint beams of the new moon just revealing the contour of the landscape, the stealthy rustle of the early ripened leaves that lie in little fantastic bunches along the path; these are the outward and easily discernible phases.

But we cannot describe that subtle sympathy with the waning year which feels that the life tides in earth and air have accomplished their mission, and that it only remains to gather up the results.

And we may add, it is also the time that the conventional small boy is penetrated by thrills of rapture as he looks a little way into the future and contemplates the annual advent of the buckwheat cake.

The most important, as well as the most enjoyable day of the week was Thursday, observed all over the Union as a day of National Thanksgiving. It proved a decided improvement on its predecessors. There was a perceptible increase in the amount of good cheer it brought all. And the causes we have to be thankful for are more numerous as is shown by the nation's prosperity and the advance it has made commercially. But it is not the purpose of our article to dwell on such an extensive and intricate subject as a nation's progress, but to explain briefly how the day was observed among us.

The most important and decisive event of the day was, of course, the dinner that was spread out in the tastefully decorated and commodious dining-hall for allay the craving of the "inner man," from whose influence none are free. And of this the anticipations of the juvenile portion of our community were more than verified. There was an abundance and of the best, for all, and good cheer and friendly fervor were the leading attributes of the day.

In the evening young and old assembled in the young ladies' sitting-room, where the fleeting hours were agreeably passed in recreations appropriate to such a gathering and occasion. But the absence of many familiar countenances was very perceptible, their owners being either at their respective homes or else sojourning at the resi-

ences of friends.

So the day with us passed over very quietly, and to all it proved a very enjoyable one, as a whole day's respite from the usual routine of school life cannot fail to be.

On the Monday preceding we had the inestimable pleasure of welcoming the Ladies' Committee. Among the other callers we note Mrs. Greenwood, wife of a wealthy and prominent lawyer of the great metropolis. She was accompanied in her visit by her daughter, a lady of culture and refinement, together with a friend from Cleveland, who had never before seen a school whose object was to teach those whom nature had deprived of the power of vocal utterance.

On the same day we had the pleasure of greeting again Messrs. Rhodes and McClure, of audiphonic fame. These gentlemen had the generosity to present an audiphone to each of the pupils who assisted them at the exhibition held in the city a week ago, mention of which I made in a former letter. He also presented three to the institution.

On the evening of Friday following Dr. Peet presided at a meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, and in an appropriate speech introduced the lecturer of the evening, Hon. Hosea B. Perkins. His remarks were very interesting and well received, the approbation of the audience being shown in frequent bursts of enthusiasm.

There has, as usual, a large attendance of visitors. On Friday thirteen were added to the already large list. We will not tax the patience of the reader by enumerating more than we have already done.

A new fence is being constructed on the rising ground east of the spacious school building, and opposite the Mansion House, which will be effectually separated from the play ground by the aforesaid fence. We cannot give the reason of this proceeding, but those who originated it are evidently well posted and know what they are about. The complaint just now is that we have too much fence.

The painters have not finished their job yet, and are not likely to do so for some time.

The large and destructive fire which laid in ashes the large stable belonging to the 8th avenue Road proved a

source of great inconvenience to many

of the pupils. This was owing to the stoppage of the cars on the uptown branch. Consequently those who had planned to go to the city on Wednesday by that route had to either foot it or else resort to the only alternative that remained to them, and take the "I" road. This latter having progressed as far as 18th street will evidently receive all the patronage to the detriment of the surface road.

GOOSE QUILL
Fanwood, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1879.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Our ship of pleasure for whose anchorage in our silent Bay, we had waited day after day, at last appeared amid innumerable greetings on the 27th of November.

Children of all ages came to school, counting—small fingers counted one Thursday after another till many passed away and the never-to-be-forgotten Thursday came—through the land it was proclaimed a day of rest; no din from the busy village reached the ears, and a jubilee day it was for school-children.

We look back to the by-gone Thanksgiving day as one of the pleasantest events of our school-days. Night departed and the Thanksgiving morning broke with everything in glittering smiles, as if halleujahs, to human ears unheard, ascended to their Maker. A world of life! Our hall of knowledge turned into a bee hive.

Thanks to the laws of Nature, things cannot remain unchanged. Noon succeeded morning. Recall the days of your happy childhood; no doubt your heart beats, cold perspiration stands on your brow, and then a sigh breaks when the curtain of the past opens and the scene of your youth stares you in the face. A single holiday, we were unable to say how slowly the hour-hands moved from one number to another. The bright day faded, and had it not been for the last pleasure, the one that was such an addition to our pleasure, slumber would have visited our weary eyes earlier. You would not turn your eyes from the attractive group of children in their wild ioy. A representation of Rip Van Winkle!

Had our institution ever witnessed

such a representation? I myself have

been here a long time; but had never

seen a play like that.

I ventured to explore for contrasting opinions. Not

a word of disappointment was heard;

no moch of failure met our gaze—

a complete success after a single hurried

rehearsal. In the first scene

Miss Foley represented Dame Van

Winkle, scolding, scolding and scolding

in her poor Rip, Mr. Crouter.

Irving, the author of that story gives

the character of each person, and we

had Messrs. Kirkbride as Money-lender,

Pettigill, as bartender with Miss An-

niss, in a gaudy costume, as bar-maid;

Hitchcock as sailor, after years'

absence on the broad pathless ocean re-

turned to gain and had Mena to the

altar of matrimonial bliss. N. Weil

represented Mena. Ringing voices

and hands gave loud applause; the

pupils were wild with excitement at

such scenes; few have viewed such an

evening in the chapel. It was crowded

to the utmost, some known and

others unknown to ourselves. Thanksgiving day has departed; another may come after the splendors of another

summer has fallen prey to decay; but

never a happier one.

November bade us its last farewell

Sunday night, leaving us heaps of

bright remembrances, what its suc-

cessor is to bring us, whether joy or

sorrow, no tongue can foretell. R.

A SURPRISE.

WEST MERIDEN, Nov. 22d, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After having re-

fired for the night at an unusually

early hour, on the 21st inst., being

fatigued and cold from a day's hard

labor, I was soon lost in the arms of

Morpheus, when I was unexpectedly

called by my wife who stated that

there were two guests awaiting my

presence in the sitting room with two

of our silent neighbors. Immediately

I jumped out of bed, somewhat dazed

from my nap and, rubbing my eyes

wide awake, I proceeded to put on my

stockings. I had one on and was put-

ting on the other when I perceived

something biting my toe so that I was

forced to kick the whole thing away

from my foot. On looking for the

cause, I found that our household pet,

a little chipmunk was in it for the

night. I hastened to dress myself

and on entering the sitting room was

surprised to have the honor of greet-

ing the newly-wedded couple just ar-

ived from New York, Mr. and Mrs.

Edward C. Ould, in all the glory of

their honeymoon. We passed the

night pleasantly till about midnight,

when they left with Mr. and Mrs. Pe-

ter Geisler to remain with them over

night before journeying homeward.

Yours, etc.,

C. H. STEELE.

A WEDDING.

WATERBURY, Nov. 18th, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A happy marriage

occurred at Hartford, Conn., which was

both interesting and enjoyable to the

many scholars of the American Asy-

lum. The contracting parties,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

SMALLER SCHOOLS AND MORE OF THEM.

Very few people can have any adequate idea of how little most deaf-mutes, even graduates of institutions, know of the use of words and the construction of sentences. To all persons who can hear the ears are a continual source of education. One accustomed to good society needs not be a grammarian to use good language; the conversations he takes part in do more for his English than all he learns at school.

But the mute, who hears nothing and who finds signs the most rapid and convenient vehicle for his thoughts and the construction of sentences troublesome, needs thorough instruction, close personal attention, or written and spoken language will be a maze to him. He cannot understand well even what he reads, consequently he does not like to read, and, unless he has an unusual amount of perseverance, the probabilities are that he will never become well informed.

But how, in institutions, crowded as they now are, can the deaf receive this close personal attention, which he needs as never hearing child needed it? It is impossible, and the money which the States so liberally pay for the education of their silent children is much of it, wasted. Why do they need to be herded together in such numbers? Is there any good reason why smaller schools should not be scattered all over the United States, in the localities where they are most required, for thorough elementary education? The large institutions now existing might become the academies for those who aspire to the highest culture in the National Deaf-Mute College, but before going to these they should know how to read understandingly, and to express their thoughts on paper as those can who hear. We are confident that deaf-mutes could advance much more rapidly after leaving such schools, become more intelligent and useful citizens; our sources of pleasure would be increased and life would have more of meaning than it now has to very many of us.

THANKSGIVING PARTY.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 3, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Permit me to write to your most valuable newspaper a few brief notes which may interest your readers. On Thanksgiving evening a very pleasant social party took place at the residence of Miss S. E. Arnold in this city. Fully 30 deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen were present at the gathering, under the immediate direction of Miss Arnold. A very fine supper was served at 10:30. After supper the mutes indulged in many pleasant games till early morning, when all reluctantly dispersed for their respective homes, having enjoyed themselves to their hearts content. Among those present was Mr. Wells, our new lay-reader.

About two weeks ago a deaf-mute, apparently a tramp, made his appearance in this city. On Saturday night he called at the rooms of the Baltimore Deaf-Mute Union and was cordially welcomed. He introduced himself as Thos. Wallace, of New York, a shoemaker by trade. He also borrowed money from several of the members, saying that he would return it the following Saturday as he had found work in a brass foundry. But he did not come and has left for parts unknown, perhaps gone towards Philadelphia.

Last Thursday, the 20th ult., Mr. Job Turner delivered an interesting lecture to a large concourse of deaf-mutes at the chapel of the colored deaf-mutes.

James Hogan contemplates going to Brooklyn to visit his aunt and return in the spring. DEODARUS.

FOR THE GIRLS.

DEAR EDITOR.—It was with much pleasure and amusement that I perused the article in your JOURNAL of the 16th of October last concerning the reasons and results of women's reluctance to marry poor men, by A. A. Fuller, and another communication of Nov. 13th, signed by "A. Wife," who, I think is perfectly right. I wish to take advantage of your columns to send a line, only a few words for the girls.

I much fear I am rather common place to express myself, though I think some of the ideas are by far the best. I think even true lovers should never marry unless they believe that, as man and woman, each can give the help the other most needs.

Well, girls, you must be glad and proud to serve your husbands, if you ever get them, with the real labor of love and constant daily sympathy in little things. And if you are a house-keeper, you must not despise brooms and dust cloths, for a man likes always to see his house neat and clean. If there are but two rooms, a tidy hand and a cheerful spirit will beautify them as no artist's hand can do it. But if you have chosen for your husband a selfish man or a grumbler, one who finds fault without reason, or one who never studies any one's comfort save his own, you will find your task a disengaging one.

And so I say, don't ever be guilty of falling in love with a man's figure, or his fine eyes, or his white hands; neither with the cut of his hair, nor the cut of his coat, for fashions will change, you know, and you may be disenchanted. LIZZIE

Connecticut, Nov. 24, 1879.

SUNDAY READING.

"ONE WORD FROM THEE."

One word from Thee, O Lord! one word from Thee would cast out all the doubt that tortures me; And make my life one sweet and joyous song; For even now I sing, though days are long; And though oft what must be and what is not makes sad the tune which fain would cheer my lot.

I sing and weep and pray, then wait to see If I may hear, dear Lord, one word from Thee.

One word from Thee, O Lord! I would fill me so With love that on Thine errands I should go With flying feet. All they who mourn their dead

As dead indeed, should know what Thou hadst said,

Because, dear Lord, the word that Thou wouldst speak!

Would be of her whom steadily I seek!

And if she lives, then all the rest do see

Thy face. That's why I crave one word from Thee.

One word from Thee, O Lord! Just here or there.

Or yes or no, that somehow I may dare

To place her in my thought. She used to pray To Thee and think Thou heardst. She oft would say,

With earnest eyes and woman's steadfast mien, That nought above, below, could come between Her love and mine. So others tenderly Have said. These wait and mourn and doubt with me,

But this will comfort us—one word from Thee.

Not as I think, dear Christ, one word from Thee,

The world I seek, might only solace me;

For if thy life and death do tell no tale

Of life beyond, then all my words would fail

To satisfy, even though as angels sing

Sam'l L. Perchance gray doubt again would fling.

Her shroud about my soul. So now I see

'Tis best that we hear not one word from Thee.

A PLEASANT GATHERING.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The sociable given by Mr. William Bentz and his estimable wife, was attended by some silent visitors, at his cozy residence, on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 27th. There were twelve deaf-mutes present on that occasion, and to add to their enjoyment, some pleasant, and exciting dialogues were given. Mr. Aaron Freidenrich, the mute Jew, of Baltimore, was entertained as the guest of Mr. Bentz, and honored us with his very agreeable presence on that occasion. He kept the audience in good humor by his comicalities, and one and all of them laughed heartily.

Mr. Lewis, a mute, sells needles and notions over Northern Wisconsin. He seems to be an honest man and a good worker. He is 62 years old.

Miss Murphy, a mute German girl who lived in Racine, Wis., died of consumption last July. She was a member of the Catholic church.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisk of Kenosha, Wis., have a beautiful baby. It is a girl and was born there on August 26th, 1879.

I met 53 mutes in 23 towns and cities in Wisconsin and Illinois. I had a splendid time with them. Mr. Enghalbert is a glass cutter at Columbus, Wis. I met a mute girl named Brand, in Waukegan, Ill., last October. Miss Brand is a good and cheerful girl. I think that she is at school in Jacksonville, Ill. She is 9 years old. I was also at Chicago, Ill., in October, and was very busy with eight of the best merchants in chromos, etc. They places know me; I travel through many in the west.

I was at Anomonow, Wis., last November, and met a mute girl named Miss McKee, who was well educated in Delavan Wis., a few years ago. She lives with her mother, and belongs to the Catholic church. She understands the Catholic religion; she is upright and pleasant.

Four mute farmers are in Fall River, Wis., now. They are very fond of farming. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sautter, of Waukegan, Ill., have a baby boy, born Oct. 24th, 1879.

I heard that Mr. J. G. Long was married to Anna Kijelborg on the 26th of November, the day before Thanksgiving. They invited a few mutes and some speaking people to see them married, but they did not invite us. We don't care much, we will remember them. They are both deaf-mutes, and have a happy home now and also a housekeeper.

Mr. W. A. Winslow is a mute painter, who works in a warehouse. He seems to be good, courageous, and skillful in painting. He likes Rockford, Ill., very much.

I received a nice monthly, the *Raindrop*, from Mr. Logan, of Turtle Creek, Pa. I like it first-rate; I read it very easily and learn many good things.

I received a new circular of the *Sister People*, from Abbott & Livingstone, of Lake Village, N. H. It is a good paper. I should be pleased to patronize them.

I received a splendid cabinet photograph from Mr. C. A. Corey of California, last October. He seems to be a speaking gentleman. His best friend is J. E. Tuttle.

I was at Galena, Ill., two weeks ago when I saw General and Mrs. Grant and their party arrive at his old home in Galena Ill. I shook hands with the General. He likes the place. About ten mutes live there. They are very proud of Grant's third term prospects as President of the United States in 1881.

Mr. Rice is a wealthy mute who owns and rents many houses in Galena, Ill. He is a millionaire and looks like Mr. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y. He is 78 years old. He is very fond of Galena, Ill. It has nice scenery and picturesque landscapes.

Mrs. Marden is a deaf-mute who lives in Galena, she can write and read papers, but she can't spell or make signs.

We saw Mr. George Fancher's good article in the JOURNAL. He advises good manners for all mutes; they must be polite and love each other. We like him very well. My wife has not heard from Mrs. Fancher since last July. But we would be pleased to hear from her again.

I heard of Mr. Powers, a mute farmer, who has a good many cattle and horses and hogs and a nice farm. He lives with his mother in Earlville, Ill.

Mr. Pool, a semi-mute, keeps a drug store in Earlville, Ill. He has a nice family.

Mrs. Cady, of Shaul, Iowa, visited her relatives in Galena, Ill. Then she went to buy an audiophone for her deafness. She would like to learn to speak by the audiophone.

We like the many letters from mutes in the United States which appear in the JOURNAL. May you have success and a good deal of encouragement.

Respectfully yours, JACOB E. TUTTLE.

Enough cloth is made every year from old rags, with a proper admixture of wool, to supply all the adult population of Great Britain with a new suit, all the children with a dress and all the women with jacket.

In reply to those writing us, asking if we will allow them to sell, in order to give the pamphlet a wider circulation, we say yes; and, as no one can travel for nothing, for the benefit of the public, they should get 10 or 15 cents per copy readily.

M. A. EMERY & SON, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

DEC. 14th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxv.

2d Lesson—Luke iii, to v. 19.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xviii, to v. 23.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

WEDNESDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

THURSDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxviii, to v. 23.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

FRIDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

SATURDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

SUNDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

WEDNESDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

THURSDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

FRIDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

SATURDAY.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvii.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Advent.

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